

The Critic

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Literature

"Jonathan Edwards"*

FOR MANY REASONS, this comely volume has an interest apart from its theme. It is the initial volume of a series which it would be a sin on the part of the writers to make dull. Though we do not, to our regret, find the name of any responsible editor to pilot the various literary craft into the right channel so finely buoyed out in the publishers' prospectus; yet the projectors of the series know their business better than we do, and knowing it may be correct. In the second place, not a little interest is awakened by the announcement that the author of 'The Continuity of Religious Thought' has tried his hand at biography, and written of a mighty leader, though not of his own tribe of the Christian host. A professor in the Episcopal Divinity School at Cambridge sets before us the Congregationalist whose name, along with that of Benjamin Franklin, best represents American intellect to the wide, wide world. Can the author whose first publication was one of the books of this century hold his own in essaying biography?

After a careful examination of this latest biography we are able to say that Prof. Allen has exactly fulfilled the idea of the project as we read the specifications. The work seems to be vastly more than a contract finished to order. Long familiarity with the Edwardsian literature enables the biographer to wield the same facile pen that charmed us in his first and notable book. One will, however, be disappointed who expects to find in the subject a winsome and fascinating personality tricked out in garish brilliancy, or a charcoal sketch in which blackness and shade prevail. So purely an intellectual man as Edwards cannot have, for the average human being, an attractiveness like that which invests Luther or Wesley. Jonathan Edwards has his sure place with a few, and for aye. As Plato is certain of a small but eternal company, so Edwards will always be inquired about by the thoughtful. For those especially who wish to look into the springs of New England theology, his life and work will always have fascination. We count it a great merit in Prof. Allen that he has not been tempted into such a rehabilitation of his subject as would deceive for the sake of pleasing. He has not set him in false lights. Lesser characters and minor individuals may be put on the stage, and the calcium jets strained upon them through colored lenses; but for great men, we want only white light. Yet of high admiration for the marvellous thinking power of the Northampton divine his latest biographer is full, and some of his periods show that he is under the spell that has bound so many strong minds. Indeed, though Prof. Allen does not say so, the trend of his own thought is at times in the direction of making Jonathan Edwards the greatest thinker in the Christian church, after Paul of Tarsus.

Another of the high merits visible is that the biographer clears himself from the spell, and shows wherein Edwards lacked the highest success. When one considers how often the pigmies in theological speculation and system-

making have tried to imitate the majestic tread and sweet and compelling voice of Edwards and call these their own—suggestive in too many cases of the fable of the ass in the lion's skin,—our praise of the biographer in this respect is not altogether pointless. More than one theologian, ambitious above all else to be logical, has in effect said: 'Change the Edwardsian terminology here and there, and make it mean what it [in the egotist's judgment] really does mean, and my [the egotist's] system and that of the author of "The Freedom of the Will" are the same.' Prof. Allen does not make Edwards the father of 'Transcendentalism' in New England, but he is apparently willing to think he was a very near ancestor to most of the sound and healthy creations of New England thought. He points out the emphasis laid by Edwards on 'sweetness' and 'light,' showing also how broad and deep were the culture and thought of the great master as compared with the narrow legal rut or tendency of his clerical contemporaries. He also shows that the thought of Edwards concerning the human will—now chiefly of historical importance—was substantially that of the Stoics and of Hobbes; while on the question of the nature of causation, Edwards and Hume are alike. In short, by one who is well able to do so, it is shown where Jonathan Edwards stands in theology and letters. The question of the suppressed manuscripts is not passed over, and Edwards's latest biographer, in common with all the rest of the world, wonders why so much of the writing of America's greatest theological thinker is still kept under lock and key. How much the publication of these documents might affect our opinions of his 'orthodoxy' remains a question, but the place of the country pastor of Massachusetts as a thinker is sure beyond shaking.

"Omar Khayyam" Fitzgerald*

A TYPICAL, shy, awkward, gifted Englishman was Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of the Persian poets and of Calderon. Not a man of marked individuality in any sense, so far as the outside world could judge: only a man who attracted the enthusiastic friendship of Thackeray and Tennyson, of Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton! This in itself would be distinction enough for most men; but even this characteristic of the man would be unknown were it not for Mr. Aldis Wright's volumes before us.

The gift of translation is nearly as rare as the gift of original genius. The few men who have possessed it have left behind incomparable remains which the world would as little give up as it would give up the masterpieces from which such translations are taken. Amyot's 'Daphnis and Chloe,' the German translators of Shakspeare, Frere's renderings from Aristophanes, Tennyson's charming coquetting with the classic muse, Herder's 'Cid' and Burton's 'Arabian Nights' are a few of the memorable things done in this line,—all too few for the hungry and thirsting multitude who would fain have the sparkling fountains of Parnassus conveyed to them from other climes, through human aqueducts, without losing anything of their sparkle.

Late in life Fitzgerald attached himself to the study of Persian,—a rural Englishman, cultivated, university-bred, full of the traditions—and, it may be, limitations—of Cambridge, where he was a contemporary of the Laureate. He was born in 1809 and died in 1883, life and death being as peaceful as the most ardent devotee of euthanasia could wish. His fun and drollery, his fine wit and kindly heart gathered about him a small but glowing circle of admirers who appreciated his exquisite refinement and acute intellect. When Thackeray, not long before he died, was asked by his daughter which of his old friends he had loved most, he replied, 'Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure; and Brookfield.' Tennyson wrote to Sir Frederick Pollock when he heard of his death: 'I had no truer friend; he was one of the kind-

* Jonathan Edwards. By Alexander V. G. Allen. \$1.25. American Religious Leaders. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald. Edited by W. A. Wright. 3 vols. \$10. New York: Macmillan & Co.

liest of men, and I have never known one of so fine and delicate a wit. I had written a poem to him the last week, a dedication, which he will never see.' Even Carlyle, who complained that 'one gets so many *inhuman* letters, ovine, bovine, porcine,' etc., begged Fitzgerald to write—'the peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man,' who lived such an 'innocent *far niente* life.'

Fitzgerald was an accomplished musician and composer: one might say he had set the Rubáiyát to immortal music, the work of that divine Anacreon who grew up with Eastern nightingales and somehow, somewhere, imbibed a philosophy like that of Lucretius. Never was hopelessness more musically sung than in the tetrastichs of Omar Khayyám; never did wine glow in verse with a more ruby radiance. This lyre of four chords gave forth as various and as melodious a music as many a harp of a thousand strings: it was attuned to Oriental Sufi-ism, to a voluptuous philosophy that hid beneath its roses the adder of doubt, that bristled with thorns underneath its lovely surface efflorescence, that stung while it filled the brain with delightful imagery. Such verses might a hopeless fatalist sing; such wine might the victim of chloral, the epicure of chloroform, drink, and be filled. Into all this, Fitzgerald, the mild, humorous, gentle Englishman, by a singular intellectual paradox, has entered with marvellous perception, dipping his scollop-shell into the opaque waters and drawing thence such draughts of crystalline verse, such vases of myrrh and nectar as the world will not willingly—once having tasted—forget the taste of. Omar Khayyám was the astronomer-poet of Persia and shared with Firdausi and Hafiz the honors of his native land. He hung the many-colored lamp of his sensuous philosophy in a little framework of four lines—one of the forms of Eastern epigram. Each tetrastich or quatrain thus glows with a fulness, a beauty, a finish all its own, burnished to the finest polish under the fingers of Fitzgerald. More fortunate than most men, not only has he been translated by Fitzgerald, but he has been illustrated by Vedder: thus we have a triple star-cluster shining in the East, of which the tent-maker Omar is the luminous core and the Englishman and the American are the uplifting wings.

Fitzgerald, however, was not a man of one book or one translation. Two of these handsome volumes are filled with translations from the Spanish, Italian, and Greek. Six dramas of Calderon are here; here, too, is the exquisite 'Bird-Parliament' of the Persian Attar; and here the admirable renderings of Sophocles' *Œdipus* (dedicated to Charles Eliot Norton). The 'Agamemnon' of *Æschylus* is here, side by side with the lovely allegory of *Sálamán* and *Absál* of *Jární*; and this is followed by the other quaint passion of Fitzgerald's—a preface to his edition of Crabbe's *Poems*. Crabbe, said his editor, had the peculiarity of saying uncommon things in a common way. Of Fitzgerald the reverse was true: he had a wonderful knack of saying ordinary things in a way that suggested they had never been said before.

"Words on Wellington"*

'WORDS ON WELLINGTON' is a collection of anecdotes of the Great Duke, many of them fresh and all of them interesting. It is edited with much skill by Sir William Fraser whose admiration for the hero has led him to perform his task with enthusiasm. Many of the incidents herein related fell within the circle of Sir William's own personal knowledge, and, being himself within the gilded precincts of Mayfair, he had every possible opportunity for collecting whatever was interesting about the Duke from those most nearly connected with him. The false and malicious anecdote about Gen. Grant, known to be false by the author when repeated, and after many pages tardily and reluctantly corrected, cannot but lead to serious mistrust of Sir William's moral veracity.

Undoubtedly the most fascinating bit of the book is the

narrative of Sir William's discovery of the room in which the Duchess of Richmond gave her famous ball before the battle of Quatre Bras. This room, so long supposed to have been demolished, and which even Lady de Ros, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, could not discover in 1868, seems to have been unquestionably identified by Sir William. The splendid verses of Lord Byron—

Within a windowed niche of that High Hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain, etc.,—

have invariably baffled those who do not understand poetic license, and it may be added that more enlightened judgment has hitherto failed to find the scene of the famous festival. By a happy stroke of good fortune, as well as by unwearied industry of search, Sir William discovered in August 1888 the room which seems without question to be the true one. The ball-room did not form an integral part of the house then occupied by the Richmonds, but was the *dépot* of a coachmaker, and was in the Rue de la Blanchisserie adjoining the mansion. The mansion itself has been partly removed and a part of it transformed into a hospital. Against the side of the coachmaker's *dépot* and facing the garden of the Richmond house, a high blank wall has been erected. Behind this wall Sir William found the historical room, now transformed into the granary of a great brewery. It has none of those splendid proportions which may be fancied from the verses of Lord Byron, but is a long, low room, with square wooden pillars and window niches five feet from the floor. Here, without doubt, assembled that brilliant company so many of whom were soon to die upon the battle-field. The letters in which Sir William Fraser announced his discovery to the London *Times* and the correspondence thus elicited are given *in extenso*, and the whole episode is a valuable and interesting contribution to our knowledge of the incidental history of those portentous days.

Matthew Arnold's Latest Essays*

PERHAPS that one of Matthew Arnold's prose volumes which has been accepted, on the whole, as being most representative of his thought and his literary quality, is 'Essays in Criticism.' It has the best flavor of his peculiar way of looking at life, and it is in his best style as a prose-writer. It is less polemical than some of his later works, more genial and broader in spirit, and in a style less given to repetitions and mannerisms. Several of his later essays have been published, since his death, as a 'second series' under the same title. Most of these essays are already well known to the public, all of them having been in print before. The volume includes the general introduction to Ward's 'English Poets,' which is published under the title of 'The Study of Poetry'; and also the essays on Gray and Keats which appeared in the same work. Then there are the introductory essays on Wordsworth and Byron, which accompanied his volumes of selections from those poets. An address on Milton, and papers on Shelley, Tolstói and Amiel from the reviews, complete the contents of the volume.

The friend who wrote the 'prefatory note' says the volume was made up by Mr. Arnold himself, and that it is the last volume he ever put together. The same writer also says the essays were, therefore, 'in the opinion of a critic at once competent and severe, worthy to be collected and preserved'; and that the volume contains 'some of his ripest, best, most interesting writing.' Both of these opinions we can honestly and fully endorse, for Mr. Arnold evidently judged himself by a high standard, and no volume of his is more interesting than the one now in hand. In almost every essay he is at his best in style and quality; and he shows less of the polemical spirit, and less of his intellectual idiosyncrasies, than in any other of his later volumes. It is a book which may rank among the very highest of its kind, in workmanship and in the character of its thought. Criticism

* Words on Wellington. Sir William Fraser. London: John C. Nimmo.

* Essays in Criticism. Second Series. By Matthew Arnold. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

such as this has a most important place in modern society, a place far more important than much of what is termed original and creative work. Where, during the last dozen years, has there been better work than this done by the poets, novelists or essayists, or work more likely to stand the test of time? A few of the very best writers may have done work more truly original and creative than is to be found in this volume; but their number is very limited and difficult to select.

Matthew Arnold's literary opinions are too well known to make it necessary to discuss his estimates of the men of whom he writes in this volume. The subjects, without exception, are such as were best suited to his mood and his thought; and they were well adapted to call forth his most genial and sympathetic manner as a writer. The essay on Tolstoi is the most controversial in the book, but its tone is friendly and appreciative throughout. He thinks that Tolstoi has judged Jesus Christ in a manner too external, and that he has sought too much to run his teachings into set forms of word and act. He is of the opinion that he would have done better to have kept to his work as a poet and artist, rather than to have turned theologian. His estimate of Tolstoi as a writer he expresses in these words: 'Whatever he may do in the future, the work which he has already done, and his work in religion as well as his work in imaginative literature, is more than sufficient to signalize him as one of the most marking, interesting, and sympathy-inspiring men of our time.' This is certainly a very appreciative estimate of a man Arnold would in many things not accept as a true leader of mankind. It is an estimate which also marks the general tendency of the present work; and it shows that Arnold had outgrown much of his pugnacious spirit of former years, and that he was growing more mellow and kindly as the years went on. He had gained something more of light, and not a little more of sweetness; and he was all the better as a writer for both. Perhaps, however, he had more of sweetness and light in literature than in politics, for assuredly his literary essays are his best, though by the side of them may be placed a few chapters from his books on religious subjects.

"The Land of the Montezumas" *

THE TITLE which Mrs. Crawford has given her book throws the reviewer into something of a trepidation at the start; it smacks so of the days when Prescott was the only authority on Mexico, and when what Goldsmith calls the 'charm of historical illusion' so commonly invested that country. Indeed, it carries us back to that suffering patriot, Birdofredum Sawin, and to the vain hope he cherished that

Of once we git to Mexico, we fairly may presume we
All day an' night shall revel in the halls o' Montezumy.

And, unfortunately, on getting past the title, one finds in the substance of the book itself evidence enough that the writer approached her subject with much of the *naïveté* of Hosea Biglow's famous correspondent. Mexico is to her the land of mystery and romance. She has all the enthusiasm of an explorer of untrodden fields. For her the immense number of books on Mexico published within the past ten years, many of them most valuable books, are non-existent: Ober, it is true, she quotes, but no other of the moderns. She saw only the common sights, was not off the travelled routes, appears to have had no particular social opportunities, and made a hurried trip; yet she records her commonplace observations with an innocent belief that they will be as fresh and interesting to the reader as they are to herself, which is touching. But freshness and interest to the author hardly make out a justification of a new book's appearance in so well-worked a field. If there were any way of getting over this fundamental difficulty, the book might well receive much praise. It is written in straightforward earnestness, and with great accuracy; beyond several misprints we have dis-

* The Land of the Montezumas. By Cora Hayward Crawford. New York: John B. Alden.

covered only trifling mistakes. The chapters on Zacatecas and Gunajuato convey a considerable information about mines and mining, some of which is new. The compend of Mexican history is well done, though entirely, we repeat, a work of supererogation. Excellent intentions, if rather narrow views, are to be recognized in her comments on Mexican politics and religion. Altogether, but for the initial objection that the book is not needed, it might be considered a creditable performance.

Poems by Little Known Poets *

'THE CHILDREN, AND OTHER VERSES' (1), by Charles M. Dickinson, is a volume of very ordinary verse, some of which is lame, halt and blind. The poem which has the place of honor is the best thing in the book. When Mr. Dickinson wrote 'The Children,' he succeeded in doing something that made his name familiar in our school-books. It is unaffected, simple, full of tenderness, and appeals strongly to the human heart. It is a success, and one that Mr. Dickinson has not repeated—at least, so far as this book is concerned. The book is well-printed, well-bound, and well-gilded as to edges.

William A. Leahy has written a poetical drama, the title of which is 'The Siege of Syracuse' (2), and the acts of which are five. There is a line in it which recalls one by William Shakspeare, who also wrote a poetical drama. This is the line:

My tunic for a bandage.

We do not think that Mr. Leahy is at all times successful in his blank verse, and in his rhymed *entrées* we are sure that he is not. Occasionally there is an agreeable simile, and if there is a strong line its strength is most often in its ruggedness. The drama is a tragedy: the final word is not *Finis*, but *Dies*.

'Idyls of Israel, and Other Poems' (3), is by D. J. Donohoe. The Idyls, which, as their title implies, are religious in character, are eight in number and occupy about two-thirds of the volume. There are twenty-five poems, most of which might properly be classed as of the popular-song kind of poetry. Here is a stanza:

The place I loved so dearly is sweet to me no more,
The river in the valley and the willow on its shore;
The spot is lovely still, but the heart, so true to me,
Sleeps in the grave 'neath the weeping willow-tree.

Lee Fairchild calls his collection of verse 'Poems' (4), though we are unable to see what reason he has for doing so. Mr. Fairchild knows a metre or two, and gets his rhymes into the right places, which are most frequently common-places. He says—and says truly—of his poems:

They were idyls not born of the senses,
And their beauty of form was sublime,
And I verily do them offenses
As I tempt them to enter my rhyme.

'Spiritual Evolution' (5) is the misleading title of a book of verse by Warren Holden. If anybody buys it to find something about evolution, he will be disappointed; and if anybody buys it to find poetry—there is no word in the dictionary which will adequately express his emotion. Think of asking for poetry and getting such an article as this:

God is the active evolutionist.
Men see his shadow and 'Eureka' cry;
Life's *modus operandi* think they spy,—
All things evolve themselves, and thus exist.

'Fourteen Sonnets' (6) is the name of another volume by Mr. Holden. Each sonnet comprises fourteen lines, and the title is not misleading: there are only fourteen sonnets in the book.

* 1. The Children, and Other Verses. By Chas. M. Dickinson. New York: Cassell & Co. 2. The Siege of Syracuse. By Wm. A. Leahy. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. 3. Idyls of Israel, and Other Poems. By D. J. Donohoe. New York: J. B. Alden. 4. Poems. By Lee Fairchild. Chicago: Manual Pub. Co. 5. Spiritual Evolution, and (6) Fourteen Sonnets. By Warren Holden. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. 7. The Water-Spirit's Bride, and Other Poems. By Chas. J. Hayne. New York: J. B. Alden. 8. Zulo and Zimee. Middletown, Conn.: J. S. Stewart, Printer.

Charles J. Bayne, who, we see, makes his poetry at Sandersville, Georgia, and publishes it through John B. Alden, New York, is a young man possessed of a strong desire to exercise all the critics. Mr. Bayne's booklet is entitled 'The Water-Spirit's Bride' (7), and in the preface thereto he describes himself as being but eighteen years of age. Mr. Bayne is young, but not precocious: his chief characteristic lies in his monumental conceit. Listen to him: 'I am aware that the heinous crime of rushing into print will probably bring down all the thunders of critical Jupiters upon my head, still I make no apologies for the crime. In these degenerate days, with doggerel at a premium and its grinders rich, such a thing would be out of place.' Mr. Bayne's own, particular doggerel will never be at a premium.

'Zalo and Zimee' (8) contains fifty-one pages of the worst nonsense we have ever tried to read. This is the kind of verse that brings a half-cent per pound.

"Whither?"*

THERE IS A great popular interest in theology—probably never more than now. Most men want their theology diluted, and in small doses, but they want it. There never was a time when theological vagaries were so eagerly pursued, when theological novels were so widely read, when newspapers were so busy with theological discussion. Much of it all is careless and flimsy, but it is a token. People are interested in theology. When they are repelled, it is often not by the theology so much as by the dress it is thrust into. Dr. Briggs puts it so as to attract and interest intelligent persons. He clothes it so that it seems alive, and not the dead thing many are fond of calling it. He shows that it is vital, by exhibiting its movement, and advocating its advance. His book is one of those rarer products of the mind that are concerned not so much with demonstration as with broad survey; it embodies the thought of a man who does not let the little circles of minor eddies confuse him as to the sweep of the current.

Champions of progress in human thought are of two kinds. One revolts against history, the other bases itself on history. The one is erratic, superficial, violent. The other is steady, profound and bold. One dreams, the other plans. One dazzles, the other moves and leads. One sends up balloons that collapse, the other erects buildings that stand. Dr. Briggs belongs to the latter class. He is progressive in the true sense. He is a student of history. The advances for which he looks and works are along historic lines. He has long been known as a scholar of varied attainments, manifesting the historic sense in all branches of his work, and particularly as one who has devoted more than common attention to the history, inner and outer, of his own branch of the Christian Church, the Presbyterian. Of course his main discussion, in the present book, relates to this. He goes back to the sources of Presbyterian theology in the writings of the English theologians of the seventeenth century. The rich collections of the Union Theological Seminary in this department offer him abundant materials, and he uses them like a master. He aims to show that modern Presbyterianism has departed from the Westminster Confession and Catechisms, which are its avowed standards; that the departures, while sometimes for the better, are largely for the worse; that, however, the standards themselves are not perfect and not exhaustive, and that while the church ought to get back to them at many points, it must at many others move on beyond them. He points out the unworked veins of religious thought, and urges the Church to enter upon this rich field. He insists also on the need for the union of the different branches of the Church, names the hindrances, and suggests ways of removing them.

It is hard to select any parts for comment, where all are so significant. Perhaps the chapters headed 'Shifting,'

which deals with the Scriptures, 'Excesses,' considering among other points the question of Infant Salvation, and 'Perplexities,' including 'Judgment at Death' and 'Probation after Death,' will attract most attention, with the author's acute exhibition of the way in which modern theologians, in seeking to overtake the faith of the Church on one point, repel error at another, and support an untenable dogma at a third, have been 'undermining the principles of the Reformation.'

The book is a strong one. It is packed with weighty matter. Its reach is larger than that of any of the author's other works, though its compass is smaller. It contains only 300 pages, yet it is a critical treatise on Westminster and modern theology, and also on church life and Christian unity. It is written in nervous, virile English that holds attention. It has unusual grasp and force. The title and the chapter-headings suggest compression and the power that goes with compression: 'Whither?' 'Drifting,' 'Orthodoxy,' 'Changes,' 'Shifting,' 'Excesses,' 'Failures,' 'Departures,' 'Perplexities,' 'Barriers,' 'Thither.' There is a whole history in some of these words, and a whole sermon in others.

The book is radical, in the sense that it strikes deep, not in the sense of being rash, or revolutionary. It deals with the foundations. It attacks great problems of religious thinking, sheds light upon them, hints at their solution. And yet the book is also conservative, in the sense that it fully recognizes established truth, proposes to continue what earlier thinkers have begun, sees the dangers threatening faith, and springs to defend and protect it, by distinguishing orthodoxy from 'orthodoxy,' and giving a sense of space and liberty within the boundaries of legitimate theology.

The book is practical. The author approaches his subject not from the dimness of a gas-lit study, but from the midst of earnest Christian life. He deals, of course, largely with dogmatic questions, and as one familiar with them, but he so deals with them that the reader perceives, without much explicit talk to that effect, the intimate relations between doctrine and life. He aims not at the indication of scholastic requirements, but at greater Christian efficiency. One needs only to read the first two chapters and the last two, to be grasped and held by the noble purpose and practical power of the book. And whoever reads these chapters will be apt to find himself turning to those that lie between.

The book is hopeful. There is plenty of sharp criticism in it, but no scolding. The fault-finding spirit is not here. It criticises, because to recognize mistakes is the first step toward betterment, but it points the way, also, to the further steps. Of course it will arouse opposition from those committed to opinions here controverted, those who blindly follow respected names, those who are too indolent to think, and those who are afraid of the unaccustomed. But thoughtful men with open minds, who long to grow and want room to grow in, will hail the book. There will not be agreement on all the matters of opinion here discussed, but this is of trifling consequence. It is the main position of the book, with its purpose, spirit and method, that will tell. We are much mistaken if it does not save hundreds to the Presbyterian Church, not only, but to Christianity, and hasten the time when divisive names shall be forgotten in larger charity and a comprehensive unity of the Church.

Minor Notices

WE HAVE RECEIVED the second and third volumes of the new and handsome edition of 'The Writings of George Washington,' edited by Mr. Worthington C. Ford. The second covers the period from 1758 to 1775, and contains letters relating to the expedition against Fort Duquesne, with others concerning Washington's private affairs. There are also several extracts from his diary, with memoranda on various subjects, which show how careful and how active Washington was in his business affairs, and enable us to see by what means he accumulated his large fortune. The third volume begins with the General's assumption of command at Cambridge, and ends with the evacuation of Boston by the British.

* Whither? A Theological Question for the Times. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., Davenport Professor of Hebrew and the Cognate Languages in the Union Theological Seminary. \$1.75. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The letters in this volume of course relate almost entirely to military affairs, and show in a striking way what difficulties Washington had to contend with—difficulties quite as much political as military, and requiring all his patience and devotion to duty to surmount. Altogether, the papers in these two volumes cover one of the most interesting periods of his life—the period in which he was preparing for and beginning his great life-work. The editor has supplied a large number of notes on matters connected with the letters, so that in conjunction with a life of Washington this comprehensive edition of his writings will afford as clear and ample a view of his deeds and character as can now be obtained. It gives an insight into his sentiments and character so much better than any biography can do, that no one who wishes to understand the man or the period should fail to read it. And he is sure to rise from the perusal with renewed conviction that, though Washington was not equal in genius to some others of the world's great leaders, he was the peer of any in moral strength, and preëminently the right man for the special work he had to do. (\$5 each. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A VERY THOUGHTFUL and interesting study is Mr. Thomas Davidson's 'Prolegomena to "In Memoriam,"' and to many who have read, and many more who will read the poem, this prose commentary, with its frequent parallel passages from other writers together with the author's interpretations, will be helpful to a better understanding and appreciation. The author's high regard for 'In Memoriam' is evident from the following extract taken from the Preface. He says: 'My aim has been to bring out into clearness the religious soul-problem which forms its unity. Though I have been familiar with the poem from boyhood, it is only in the last few years that the full import of that problem and of the noble solution offered by the poet has become clear to me. The work, as I now understand it, seems to me not only the greatest poem of the century,—which I have always believed,—but one of the great world-poems.' The book is from the Riverside Press. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A NEW EDITION has been published of Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation of 'Amiel's Journal.' A good many new passages have been inserted from the last French edition, but not all the passages have been given to the English reader which are contained therein. Mrs. Ward's reasons for these omissions we do not fully understand, for they seem to be largely based on her personal conception of the differences between the French and English. If some of Amiel's passages tend to overweight the introspective side of the Journal, as the translator suggests, the reader ought to know this, and he cannot judge him correctly if his writings are so edited as to leave out this fact. No word need now be said in praise of this work, so widely has it been discussed and read. It has taken its place as a classic of the interior life; and it is a book that remarkably well interprets the speculative tendencies of our century. The admirable manner in which it has been translated, and the fine introductory essay, first gave Mrs. Ward a recognized place as a literary worker. It was the best possible preparation for the writing of 'Robert Elsmere,' which in many ways suggests the qualities contained in the present work. (\$1.75. Macmillan & Co.)

'FAMOUS MEN OF SCIENCE,' by Sarah K. Bolton, will rank among the best productions of this accomplished and industrious writer. The volume comprises fourteen biographies, each accompanied by a well-engraved portrait. The list includes Galileo, Newton, Linnæus, Cuvier, Herschel, Humboldt, Davy, Audubon, Morse, Lyell, Henry, Agassiz, Darwin, and Buckland. All these may be fairly classed among leaders in science—except, perhaps, Morse, whose place is rather with the great inventors, the Fultons and Whitneys. His career, however, is one of the most striking of all, in the sudden transition from obscurity and poverty to wealth and fame. Even before the fortunate inventor of the electric telegraph must rank, in this respect, the discoverer of Uranus, who found himself transformed, almost in a day, from a second-rate musician to the most noted astronomer of his time. All the biographies, however, have incidents of this kind, which, if less dramatic, are not less interesting and instructive. The volume is certainly one of the most inspiring which could be placed in the hands of a student. The only question may be whether a warning against overwork, an indiscretion to which most of the subjects of these biographies were addicted, might not have been properly added. One is startled to find that of the fourteen, no less than five—Linnæus, Cuvier, Davy, Henry and Agassiz—died of paralysis; that Lyell became partly blind, and Galileo wholly sightless; that Audubon was childish at sixty-eight; and that Buckland died at fifty-one from an affection of the lungs, 'brought on by constant exposure and tireless energy.' The 'great men,' who, in the words

of the motto adopted by the author from Longfellow's poem, 'while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night,' thus paid the penalty of that violation of the natural laws which they, above all others, should have obeyed. A better example was set by Humboldt, who gave himself reasonable leisure for recreation and society, and lived and worked to ninety—his mind clear to the last.' (\$1.50. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)

ONE OF THE few books of reference absolutely indispensable in THE CRITIC office is 'The Publishers' Trade List Annual, 1889.' It is one of the publications dependent upon *The Publishers' Weekly*, and contains a complete list, by authors, titles and subjects, of all books recorded in the *Weekly* during the first half of the year (an 'Annual Catalogue' gives the list for the completed year); the 'American Educational Catalogue'; and the latest catalogues of the various publishing-houses. The volume is a clumsy and unwieldy one, but it serves its purpose as well as if it were prettier to look at and easier to handle. The cost of the 'Trade List Annual' (now in its seventeenth year of usefulness) is only \$2: to any one to whom it is worth anything at all, it is worth many times its price. The editor and publishers of *The Publishers' Weekly* and its dependent periodicals reap gratitude and glory if not gain, and Mr. Bowker richly deserved the gold medal awarded at the Paris Exposition.

STRONG, CLEAR and crisp in style, manly in exposition, scholarly in seeking, and successful in grasping the Apostle's meaning, is the Rev. Dr. Marcus Dods's 'Commentary on Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians.' The commentator is peculiarly felicitous in correlating the things of the first and of the nineteenth century, and in showing us that the men in togas and sandals were, after all, like the men within tweed and broadcloth. In the series of volumes in the Expositor's Bible, so happily inaugurated, we rank this among those of the first quality and hail in Dr. Dods a worthy successor of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)—'ELSMERE ELSEWHERE; or, Shifts and Makeshifts, Logical and Theological' is one of the flakes in the snow-storm of answers, burlesques, parodies and other Elsmereana. It is by 'a disciple of James Freeman Clarke, D.D.,' though we sadly miss that saintly scholar's pith, point and directness. The little pocket pamphlet seems intended to show that Mrs. Ward is behind the times in her Biblical criticism, and that the standpoint of a 'Clarke Unitarian' is the only rational one to occupy. The author has sat often under Mr. Joseph Cook and his kind, but more for amusement than edification. (Boston: Wm. Macdonald & Co.)

THE BEST SERMONS of the late Rev. Dr. Alexander G. Mercer have been gathered into two comely volumes, of which the second, 'Christ and His Teachings,' is now at hand. The thirty-two discourses thus handsomely encased are simple, plain, practical, sound. Admirers of the preacher will delight in these memorials, but it is difficult for the uninterested critic to discover wherein lies the especial merit of the matter itself. The book is a good monument, but hardly literature. One fails to find either breathing or burning in the word or thought, though doubtless they once helped to form beautiful lives, the perfume of which unseen abides. (\$2. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—'OUTLINES OF BIBLE STUDY' is the title of a volume by the Rev. G. M. Steele, D.D., Principal of the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass. The name explains the contents, which are in the form of information given, questions asked, notes, maps, etc. The idea, which is to furnish a four years' course of Bible study for schools and colleges, is well worked out, and the book is to be heartily recommended as free from sectarian bias and unwarrantable dogmatics. A well-selected bibliography is given as a prefix to each of the four divisions. The weak point is at the poetical books and wisdom literature, there being neither special bibliography nor strong grasp of this most purely literary portion of the Bible. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

MR. C. OSBORNE WARD, 'Translator and Librarian, U. S. Department of Labor,' has very appropriately utilized his opportunities in preparing a 'History of the Ancient Working People, from the Earliest Known Period to the Adoption of Christianity by Constantine.' The work displays much industry and research, and a laudable sympathy with the oppressed classes of all times and countries. It is full of striking facts and suggestive thoughts, relating to the origin and history of caste, serfdom, and slavery, to the ancient labor troubles among the Greeks and Romans, and to the 'strikes and uprisings' of antiquity, including the remarkable servile wars of Viriathus in Spain, Aristonicus in Asia Minor, Athenion and Eunus in Sicily, and Spartacus in Italy—wars full of romantic incidents, and deserving of more study than they had heretofore received. There is an elaborate account of the 'trade-

unions' of the ancients, particularly among the Romans. The author holds that of the two systems of society, the competitive and co-operative, the former is Aryan, selfish, and pagan, the latter is Semitic, benevolent, and Christian. The literary quality of the work, unfortunately, is not equal to its learning; the style, though sufficiently vigorous, being frequently crude and obscure. To this must be added that the printer's work is badly done, and the proof-reading is still worse,—for the author is surely not responsible for such errors as 'Stagerite,' 'prestigation,' 'plain' used throughout for 'plane,' 'contumacy' frequently for 'contumely,' and the like. The book lacks an index—a serious defect, and one specially inexcusable in a librarian. (\$2. Washington: W. H. Lowdermilk & Co.)

UNDER THE rather ambitious title of 'The Land of the Viking and the Empire of the Tsar,' Mrs. E. Fraser Blackstock, in a neat little book of 213 tiny pages, relates the sightseeing adventures of a small party of travellers who made the customary summer tour through northern Europe. Their course comprised a steamer trip from Bergen to the North Cape and back to Throndhjem (or Drontheim), with subsequent railway travel and brief visits to the four capitals, Christiania, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Moscow. The style is readable, and the descriptions fairly good. There are some useful illustrations. Any person who may contemplate a similar tour will find this small volume a convenient and agreeable guide. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—'OCEANIA—Linguistic and Anthropological,' by the Rev. D. Macdonald, Missionary to the New Hebrides, comprises some interesting chapters on the customs, religion, and character of the Pacific islanders, and more particularly those of the western or Melanesian division, with several curious photographic pictures. The author's personal experience enables him to show that even among the lowest of these savages the moral restraints of public opinion and of religion are much stronger than is commonly supposed. His description of the structure of their society is on this ground particularly worthy of attention. The linguistic portion of the book, in which the author seeks to establish a relationship between the Oceanic and Semitic languages, is less satisfactory. (London: Sampson, Low & Co.)

IN 'DINNEROLOGY,' by 'Pan'—the latest comer in an apparently endless procession of exhorters upon the question of drink and diet,—a husband and wife give the results of their experiments 'from crankery to commonsense.' Truth to tell, 'George' and 'Patty,' remind one of Dr. Johnson's man who spun his conversation as the spider spins his web, 'out of his own inside.' A twelvemonth's acquaintance with this couple during their experimental period must have sufficed to put to flight the staunchest of their friends. The result of it all is, however, that George and Patty learn to live and be happy on a straw a day, and the public has 205 pages of solid information about gastronomy, combining the statistical wisdom of a Burton's 'Anatomy' or an Ashton's 'Antiquities' with the flying wit of a nineteenth century newspaper man. And there is on page 175 a recipe for mint-julep 'alone worth the price' of Pan's accumulated lore. (50 cts. Belford, Clarke & Co.)

MRS. ELLEN H. RICHARDS has prepared a pamphlet on 'Domestic Economy in Public Education,' in which she takes extreme ground in favor of teaching such subjects as cooking, sewing and other kinds of domestic work to the girls in the public schools. She would have these 'branches' taught practically, while at the same time instruction was given in the principles underlying them, and would have the course cover a period of four years. What the merits of such a course may be, we shall not now consider; but we would point out that if it is to be adopted, and our boys trained in manual work as largely as some people desire, the character of our schools will be fundamentally changed, and such a change ought not to be made without imperative reasons. (New York College for the Training of Teachers.)—MR. J. HOWARD GORE of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has published 'A Bibliography of Geodesy.' He has spent on the work a large amount of time and labor, having visited thirty-four of the leading libraries of the world, besides obtaining all the information he could from other sources. The result is a quarto pamphlet of over five hundred pages giving the titles of all the works that could be heard of, with only such collateral information as was necessary to identify each book. The author's intention was 'to include only such books as treated directly of the figure of the earth, or described operations which could be used in determining that figure. The merit and importance of the work are attested by the fact that several institutions, including the International Geodetic Association at Berlin, offered to publish it. The author preferred, however, to have it published in this country. (Washington: Government.)

IT IS no surprise to find that Mr. Joel Cook's letters sent to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* have survived a first edition in their reprinted form in a book. One has but to read a few of them to discover at once that they are quite above the line of the average letter from Europe, which for publishers is a 'dead line' more certain than Andersonville's. Fat indeed is the cemetery which book-publishers have found for such ventures in print as that of the novice who crosses the ocean. Mr. Cook, however, is one of Philadelphia's brightest newspaper men, and on 'A Holiday Tour in Europe' took with him well-trained eyes and pen. He saw, and expressed himself concerning, what only the man who combines the art of seeing and of putting things can successfully serve up between pasteboard covers. Yet England, France, Switzerland and the Rhine-land comprehended almost entirely his field of observation. To the new edition, the publisher has added twenty-one illustrations. A new preface and an index also are given, and the result is a handsome volume, which any one can recommend to a library or friend. (Philadelphia: David McKay.)

"Fiction in the Pulpit"

SUCH is the startling title prefixed to a charming essay from the pen of Miss Agnes Repplier which appears in the current issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*. 'Fiction in the Pulpit'! I mentally exclaimed, as the caption caught my eye. Is it possible that ministers permit themselves to—well, to draw the long bow—even in their public and official utterances? 'Would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown!' says Feste in his clerical disguise; and Robert Burns audaciously affirms that

E'en ministers, they have been kenned
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But in these days of enlightenment, when the reporter with his notebook sits like an accusing conscience in full view of the preacher, can such things be?

My fears, however, were dispelled on a perusal of the article, which merely sets out to prove that modern romancers are wantonly invading the province of the moralist and the preacher. It was time for such a protest, and for the most part Miss Repplier only expresses in her felicitous and epigrammatic way what the rest of us dumbly perceive. But after making every allowance for the humorous exaggeration, the whimsicality and love of paradox which characterise the essay, it seems clear that Miss Repplier has overshot her mark. She plants her foot firmly on the affirmation that 'it is not the business of fiction to teach us anything'; and again 'his [the novelist's] task is simply to give us pleasure,'—the implication being that the latter function excludes the former. The boldness of that assumption takes one's breath away, and indicates a fatal fallacy in Miss Repplier's logic. Nor is the assertion that 'it is not the business of fiction to teach us anything' likely to pass unchallenged. In the present paper I shall merely attempt to strike the keynote of such a discussion, leaving to others a more elaborate review of the subject.

And first it may be useful to enquire what has been the practice of the great writers of the past in this regard. We may properly couple fiction and the drama in such an enquiry, both on account of their essential resemblance and because of the lateness of the novel's rise, which throws us back upon the drama for our earliest illustrations. And here we soon perceive that except in farcical comedies and novels of adventure pure and simple, the best writers of all times have drawn no such strict line between the functions of the artist and the moralist. The tragic poets of Greece, the early English dramatic writers, Cervantes, Goldsmith, Defoe, all of these in greater or less degree united the two capacities; nay, even Boccaccio, the father of romance, ranges himself distinctly among the moralists in stories like those of Torello and Griselda. If Miss Repplier finds Thackeray's genial comments disagreeable, what pangs would have pierced her in Sophoclean days, at the spectacle of a band of respectable elderly gentlemen dancing to slow music, and warbling in alternate strains,

Virtue is its own reward,
Vice is ever baneful,

or words to that effect? Writing of French comedy, M. Coquelin says: 'It has a mission. *Castigat ridendo mores*. It is this taste for truth, this respect for reason, *even this pretension of lifting up human nature*, that makes the force of our comedy.' . . . Molière has taken seriously his duty as a comic author. He has, like old Corneille, frankly wished to put into practice Aristotle's principle of purging mankind of its faults.' In fact, far from being a recent ex-crescence, this didactic tendency in fiction appears to be an early and continuous outgrowth, however much it may have run to seed in contemporary literature. The examples by which Miss Repplier seeks to reinforce her position are at best ambiguous. Charles Lamb, whose pure imagination even the drama of the Restoration could not pollute, might feel himself exempt from the need of ethical teaching; but his was a unique personality. Quoting George Sand, Miss Repplier asks: 'What is the moral of "Faust," of "Paul and Virginia"?' The question is a simple one. 'Faust' has a hundred morals, one of which may be expressed in the words of Tennyson,

Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men?

And 'Paul and Virginia' will never lack its moral while innocence and loveliness, the sweetest teachers on earth, retain their charm. Miss Repplier invokes the name of Shakespeare—of Shakespeare, who moralises in season and out of season, whose genius alone can excuse his lapses from artistic unity in delaying the action while his heroes are uttering their moral soliloquies. Quoting Karl Hillebrand, she contrasts George Eliot's treatment of Tito with Shakespeare's indulgence to Falstaff, and puts into the modern writer's mouth what she calls a 'scathing denunciation' of the poor fat knight, whom George Eliot is supposed to adopt as a sort of literary step-child. 'Scathing' as it is meant to be—and it lacks every quality of George Eliot's style,—it shrinks into insignificance before the invective which Shakespeare himself has put into the mouth of Henry V.:

I know thee not, old man! fall to thy prayers!
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old and so profane;
But being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandising; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not that I am the thing I was:
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death.

It is idle to ask, with De Quincey and Miss Repplier, 'What is the moral of Niagara? of a rattlesnake?' Niagara, like other sublime objects, is capable of producing a profound moral impression. But Niagara belongs to inanimate nature, and rattlesnakes to the brute creation. The novel deals with men and women, with sentient moral beings. Life supplies its material, and conduct, in Arnold's words, is three-fourths of life. The moral constitution of man is an integral part of his being, and therefore properly a part of the romancer's material; a part only, not the whole. To disregard it would be to confound all distinctions, to produce hybrids, harpies, chimæras. Man cannot escape from his moral sense, Charles Lamb to the contrary notwithstanding. Every work, therefore, which attempts to depict men and women in any but the most superficial aspect, must of necessity bring moral qualities into play. Moral qualities attract or repel us in the characters of fiction, as in the personages of real life. The story may serve no special ethical purpose; it need not point a moral, regarded as a whole. But somewhere in the incidents, in the characters represented, an object-lesson will be taught, however simple. The vicari-

ous experience of life which the reader acquires will sow some seed in his moral consciousness. Shall it be wheat or tares?

Such being the case, the question of treatment alone remains. How far ought the moral element in fiction to be brought into prominence? In practice, the writer is apt to solve the question in accordance with the bias of his own temperament. But how should it be answered from an artistic standpoint? That depends upon our conception of the object of the novel. I accept Miss Repplier's view: the aim of fiction is the pleasure of the reader; but my definition of pleasure is wider in scope than hers. She employs the word as synonymous with *amusement*; and the imperfect sympathies which this circumstance reveals are betrayed in another instance. In what seems like a gratuitous fling at Miss Phelps's pathetic story, 'The Madonna of the Tubs,' Miss Repplier avows her distaste for studies of humble life. This, however, is a purely personal note. Women are born with a 'sweet tooth' in literature as well as in *cuisine*; in their nonage they want all the personages of a novel to be beautiful, virtuous and rich, and the universal current of life to flow smoothly and sentimentally on like a stream in fairyland—the fairyland of pantomime. Some survival of this primitive instinct may account for much of Miss Repplier's criticism. One seems to see her lecturing her distinguished pupils: 'The class will now proceed to furnish amusement. No ethics, if you please! The slightest attempt to draw a moral will be severely corrected.' If novels could all be *deodorized*, as it were, for Miss Repplier's benefit, by expunging every recital that might possibly tend to instruct, what a dinner of chaff would remain! and how one pities the poor authors, constrained to cudgel their brains in order to amuse without instructing! In my view, a well-regulated mind ought to find a pleasure in observing the course of moral laws, the eternal fitness of things; and such a mind will take pleasure in learning, in enlarging its horizon. The antithesis, therefore, which Miss Repplier points, of pleasure on the one hand and instruction on the other, has no real existence. Is there no such thing as a moral pleasure, then? The glow and thrill we experience in hearing of courage and patience and loyalty and love, a hundred times tried and a hundred times victorious, are they not moral as well as æsthetic? Alike in the moral and in the æsthetic world a harmony lives; and there is a real kinship between Art and Virtue, as the Italians have long ago recognized. Ay, and Art should deem it her privilege to become the handmaid of Religion, the divine mother from whom she springs.

The application of these principles, however, should be governed by the sense of artistic fitness. The novelist may teach, but he must give pleasure in the teaching. There must be no crude moralizing, no offensive platitudes, nothing to suggest the bitter drug concealed in the spoonful of jam. But what can be more delightful than the wise and witty reflections, so spontaneous and so sincere, into which Thackeray falls from time to time? Of these charming digressions it may be said that through them the reader learns to know and love the writer like a personal friend; and if in his later works he is apt to repeat himself a little, it is like the repetition of a sweet familiar tune, that never fails to touch a tender chord. And the same tests apply to the whole groundwork of fiction. Everything should fall naturally into its place; there should be no straining after effect, no divorce from reason and artistic truth; but the tone and tendency of the whole should be distinctly healthful; the author should range himself 'on the side of the angels.' For the rest, we need not follow Miss Repplier in her assaults upon Zola and Flaubert. The true artist will always study the healthy type rather than the morbid ex-crescence. And of utilitarian romances, like certain stories of Dickens and Reade, in pronouncing them artistic mon-strosities we do not deprive them of their civil rights. Pamphlets they are, and as pamphlets they should be judged.

But were the novel devoted solely to the amusement or the intellectual gratification of its readers, it would inevitably sink to a lower æsthetic level. Not only would it appeal to an inferior audience, but it would fail to enlist the better class of writers. In place of other Scotts, Thackerays, Hawthornes, we should expect to find new Levers, Gaboriaus, Vernes. We should deprive ourselves of a noble and stimulating recreation, a sport for gods and heroes, and live content with idle May-games. The world would certainly not be the wiser for the change. Would it be any the happier?

EDWARD J. HARDING.

The Lounger

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & CO. have published a volume of letters written by the Duke of Wellington to a certain Miss J. and by Miss J. to the Duke. It is a curious volume. The letters themselves are not of great importance, but they place the Duke in a strange light before the public; a not altogether dignified light, either. The book was published here first and then in England. Englishmen have great respect for their heroes, and they don't like to have them appear ridiculous, and it must be confessed that the Iron Duke came dangerously near making a fool of himself in these letters. There was but one thing for the British critic to do, and that was to deny their authenticity. This was straightway done, but the claim cannot be made good. Mr. Mead has shown me the original letters, which are kept locked up in the office safe, and I can only say that if they are forgeries, then the forger was not only a person of great ingenuity, but a man of leisure as well; for it must have taken no end of time and trouble to manufacture the paper of the period and to cut dies for postage-stamps and post-marks covering a period of seventeen years. Then, again, there is the impression of the Ducal seal in wax, not to speak of the Ducal handwriting on every page. And yet it is hard to believe that the hero of Waterloo could give so much time to answering the letters of a monomaniac, even if she was young and pretty when the correspondence was begun.

THE RECENT death of Lady Holland probably means the early demolition of Holland House. I was told, when in London—and I have every reason to believe that my informant spoke by the card—that Lady Holland's heir, Lord Ilchester, had no sentimental regard for the place and would divide up the beautiful grounds into building lots. There are ninety acres surrounding Holland House, and they are almost in the heart of London, so that their value may readily be imagined. There is no more interesting house in all England than Holland House, and the big book devoted to its history does not tell the half. It was in this mansion that Addison died, and visitors are shown the long drawing-room up and down which he used to pace, and the table at one end of it upon which stood his brandy bottle, and the table at the other upon which his bottle of sherry rested. The walk was long between tables, and he needed refreshment at the journey's end.

THE STORY of every Lady Holland who has lived under that roof is as picturesque as it is interesting, and none more so than that of the old lady just dead. She lived a curious life. Lady Holland was devoted to Ellen Terry long before that actress was known to fame, and she had the 'run' of Holland House. It was the mistress of this mansion who made the match between the child-actress and the gray-haired painter, Watts, who lives near by in Little Holland House. The old age of Lady Holland was not particularly happy. She quarreled with her daughter's husband, Prince Lichtenstein, and in a moment of exasperation made over all her property to her relative, Lord Ilchester. Then she made her peace with her son-in-law, but she had bound her estate so firmly to Lord Ilchester that she could not free it, and she went to her grave regretting her hot-headedness—perhaps not so bitterly, however, as Prince Lichtenstein.

SCANDALS hang as thick over Holland House as do historical memories. Mr. James McHenry, the American railroad speculator, who owns a ten-acre section of Holland House grounds, has a very valuable extra-illustrated edition of 'The History of Holland House,' and a volume of the scandals of that venerable pile which he has culled from newspapers, pamphlets, court-reports, and every possible source. 'I suppose you hide that book when Lady Holland comes to see you,' I said to Mr. McHenry. 'She doesn't mind it at all,' said he; 'she is always borrowing the book, and I believe has read more of it than of the Princess Lichtenstein's story of the house.' She was a strange woman, this old, invalid lady, and if the true history of her life is ever written, it will contain

many remarkable stories. No one could write it with greater knowledge than Mr. McHenry, but he has neither the time nor the inclination for such employment. It is a pity, however, that some one can not take it down from his lips.

A GENTLEMAN who was on friendly terms with Lady Holland and had the freedom of her house, had the pleasure of taking Gen. and Mrs. Grant there during their visit to England. He gave them a quiet luncheon first, and then they strolled across the lawn to the house of historic memories. 'And what did Gen. Grant say to it all?' I asked. 'He walked with us as far as the door,' was the reply, 'and seating himself on a convenient bench, told me that if I would take his wife in, he would stay where he was and smoke till we came out.' Mrs. Grant was quite shocked at this display of Philistinism, but I was not. Holland House was a thing of the past, while Gen. Grant was a man of the present. He felt no interest in it, and he was too honest to assume any.

WALT WHITMAN went over in a carriage from Camden to Philadelphia on Tuesday, August 6, and sat to Gutekunst for a photograph. It was a fine day—a perfect day, indeed—and he much enjoyed the sunshine, the exercise, and even the excitement of his three hours' trip. He felt well and looked well, and the natural result was a capital portrait, representing the old poet as he appears, when at his best, in his seventy-first year. Of this I have been so fortunate as to receive a copy. The picture is a large one—nine and a half by twelve and a half inches,—and shows 'the good gray' seated in an armchair, his head bared, his left hand thrust into a pocket of his familiar gray coat, and the right loosely grasping a large walking-stick. The wide, turned-down linen collar, and the loose cuffs rolled back over the sleeves, are edged with a narrow border of lace. From its framework of thin white hair and flowing beard, the face of the venerable bard peers out, not with the vigorous serenity of his prime, but a look rather of inquiry and expectation.

I OFTEN WONDER what fashionable people do with their brains in the summer time, for I am not one of the cynics who believe that fashionable people have no brains. In reading of their country palaces, commonly called cottages, among the hills or by the sea, we hear much of the magnificence of their ballrooms and their banquetting-halls, but I have yet to read a description of a library in one of these houses. Don't they have libraries? Are fashionable brains supposed to lie fallow in the summer time? They are not worked any harder than the fashionable heels during the winter season, yet the heels are given no rest. The ballroom nowadays is as much a part of 'cottage' life as the kitchen. Is there no reading done by these cottagers? Have they yet to learn the delights of a shady nook on the lawn, or a deep window-seat in the house, where they can lounge and enjoy their favorite author?

PIERRE LOTI (Lieutenant Julien Viaud of the French Navy) differs from most Frenchmen, for Paris is not his 'happy hunting-ground.' He lives in a retired corner of Brittany, far from the madding crowd, with which he does not care to keep in touch even by reading the books or journals of the day. He detests 'progress' and invention, says a recent eulogist in *The Woman's World*. 'Old-fashioned customs and quaint feelings please him, but scientific discovery he abhors.' In his earlier days, Loti lived for awhile in Turkey and adopted the dress and manner of life of the 'unutterables.' He still has a love for everything Turkish, and has fitted up certain rooms in his house as much like the one he occupied in Stamboul as possible. In one of these is an immense sarcophagus hung with gorgeous, heavy draperies, with crossed firearms and scattered flowers upon it. Most of Loti's books have been written at sea. Having been married recently, he spends more time on land at his old home in Rochefort. He is a man of means and able therefore to ride his hobbies so long as they do not conflict with his official duties.

'APPROPOS of the discussion in regard to our national flower,' says 'C. R. L.' of this city, 'I have yet to hear the Dogwood mentioned. This is an old favorite of my own, and has the advantage of being easily and effectively conventionalized.' And 'A. E. P.' of Brooklyn writes to dispute 'E. C. N.'s' statement that 'no special charm or romantic interest seems to hover round the humble-bee.' 'I feel confident,' he asserts, 'that "E. C. N." is not familiar with Emerson's fine poem entitled "The Humble-Bee." Surely no reader of these lines could say that "no special charm or romantic interest" attaches to the humble-bee. The sage of Concord has made for it a place in literature. How characteristic, by the way, is Emerson's "green silence." It belongs side by side with the "starred shade" of the "Woodnotes." I understand that the

Italian bee, lately introduced in this country, and a good honey-maker, has a proboscis sufficiently long to enable it to extract honey from the Red Clover. And 'G. F. S.' of Elyria, O., thus comments upon what 'E. C. N.' of Cleveland writes: 'I was not ignorant of the fact that it is the humble-bee and not the honey-bee which frequents the Red Clover. The humble-bee visits the Clover for that plant's benefit, as is well known. It is indeed its servant, and gets the honey for its wages. And there is said to be a curious chain of circumstances which makes even the cat minister to this same Clover. All which goes to show how important and dignified a place the Red Clover occupies in nature, and to enhance its claims to be the national flower. As to the "special charm or romantic interest" of the humble bee, "E. C. N." is referred to any live country boy; or if he wants higher authority, to R. W. Emerson, who says some very fine and "romantic" things about this "burly" insect.'

HAVING READ Prof. Lounsbury's letter of inquiry in THE CRITIC of Sept. 14, 'S. F. C.' of Cooperstown, N. Y., sends me the appended newspaper clipping:

EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL: Allusions have been made recently to a small volume published sixty-six years ago, and written by James Fenimore Cooper. We give the title-page: 'Tales for Fifteen, Imagination and Heart, by Jane Morgan; Charles Wiley, New York, 1823.' The little book was written for an especial purpose, as a gift to a friend financially embarrassed at the time. The MS. was given to him on condition that it should be published anonymously. It was intended to pass for a woman's book, and a womanly tone was adopted, as in 'Precaution,' the first of the writer's novels. The book has long been out of print. On the paper cover was the following advertisement of Mr. Wiley: 'In Press—"The Pilot, a Tale of the Sea," by the author of "The Spy"; "The Spy," fourth edition; "The Pioneer," third edition.'

Boston Letter

WHILE the cool October days have brought back to town a number of our well-known authors, not a few still linger in the country or by the seashore to drink in the inspiration of the bright autumnal weather. Among these is the historian Parkman, who will remain at his pleasant house in Jamaica Plain till November 1. Col. Higginson stills lingers at East Gloucester amid the rocks and beaches of that picturesque locality. John Boyle O'Reilly, who has just returned from a drive through the White Mountains with his wife, is about moving into his new house at Hull, which I described some time ago. An attractive feature of this house is the beautiful stained glass which was made for him by the Tiffany Company, and the artistic tiles from Low of our own Chelsea. The design in these tiles at the back of the spacious fireplace in his library, represents the witches in Macbeth looming up, amid the smoke and blaze of the cheery wood fire, about their cauldron. Another poet who is passing October at the seashore is Thomas William Parsons, who is never so happy as when he can roam along the coast or among the woods and hills. He is at Scituate with his sister, Mrs. George Lunt, whose husband is pleasantly remembered as combining the accomplishments of a lawyer, a journalist, and a poet.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish on Oct. 12 a novel entitled 'Memoirs of a Millionaire,' by Miss Lucia True Ames. This is a novel with a distinctly philanthropic purpose, showing what a man who is fortunate or unfortunate enough to be the possessor of a million can do with it in aiding the cause of humanity, and thus doing something useful with himself and his money. It is a charming story as well as a useful one.

The same firm will bring out on the same date two volumes of their choice edition of Thackeray, 'The Roundabout Papers' and 'Christmas Stories.'

Julius H. Ward's able and thoughtful book, 'The Church in Modern Society,' will also be published on the above-mentioned date.

On Oct. 19 Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will bring out Hannis Taylor's 'Origin and Growth of the English Constitution,' a volume which embodies the material of the eight or nine volumes used as text-books on this subject. The work has met the approval of Stubbs and other recognized English authorities who have examined it.

'The Last Assembly Ball: A Pseudo Romance of the Far West' is the title of a vigorous novel by Mary Hallock Foote, the scene of which is laid in the mining districts of the Rocky Mountains. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish it on Oct. 19.

On the same day this firm will bring out a book by Rev. Myron Adams of Rochester, N. Y., entitled 'The Continuous Creation':

An Application of the Evolutionary Philosophy to the Christian Religion.' It is a work of much constructive ability.

A holiday edition of 'The Marble Faun' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish on Oct. 19 in two volumes, will be beautifully illustrated with fifty photogravures, chiefly of views in Rome, sculpture, paintings, etc. The work is attractively bound in the Italian style, and contains a steel portrait of Hawthorne.

Abbott Lawrence Lowell's 'Essays on Government,' which are admirable studies on political science, are to be brought out by the same firm in one volume on the same date.

A new edition of Clara Louise Burnham's earlier stories, 'Dearly Bought,' 'No Gentleman,' and 'A Sane Lunatic,' which were formerly published by the Ticknors, is to be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Oct. 19. These stories are full of bright dialogue and interesting incident.

The title-pages of the new edition of Dr. Holmes's 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' are of classic beauty, and in keeping with the two elegant volumes. They are from designs of Mrs. Henry Whittman.

Lee & Shepard are to publish late in October 'The Tartuffian Age,' by Paul Mantegazza, translated under the direction of Prof. I. D. Ventura by W. R. Nettleton, a book of great interest to admirers of Molière and students of the period in which his pictures of hypocrisy were taken.

The same firm will publish later in the autumn 'The Future of Morals and Religion: The Victory of Socialism over Pessimism and Despair,' by Lawrence Gronlund, author of 'Co-operative Commonwealths,' who treats a subject of timely interest with characteristic vigor.

Col. Higginson's choice selection from his 'Out-Door Papers,' in which the beauties of nature are depicted with singular felicity, is set off with rare artistic taste and feeling by Irene E. Jerome in the fascinating volume 'In a Fair Country,' which is published by Lee & Shepard. The titles of the essays, 'My Outdoor Studies,' 'Water Lilies,' 'The Life of Birds,' 'The Procession of the Flowers,' and 'Snow,' suggest their tender sentiment and adaptation for those touches of the pencil which has depicted the scenes of the author's sympathetic observation. These scenes are principally in Concord, amid the haunts of Emerson and Thoreau, and in Camden, Maine, and they impress the reader with a double fascination as he drinks in the spirit of the places which have inspired the two artists.

'The Wooing of Grandmother Grey,' by Kate Tannatt Woods, another finely illustrated book, portrays in poetic form the life of the olden time, and by its felicitous pictures with pen and pencil, brings the scenes and characters of the New England of our ancestors vividly to view.

The veteran teacher and proof-reader, Benjamin Drew, in the new edition of his 'Pens and Types,' gives a great deal of useful information for writers for the press and the general reader, and enlivens it with entertaining anecdote. The publishers, Lee & Shepard, in a prefatory advertisement show how the merits of the book are related to the wide and varied experience of the author.

'Examples of American Domestic Architecture' is a book by John Calvin Stevens and Albert Winslow Cobb, two clever architects of Portland, Me., which is to be published on Oct. 13 by Wm. F. Comstock, New York. The work has been approved by a number of the best architects in the country, and the full-page plates, of which there are sixty, exhibit some of their finest work. Most of the designs are by the authors of the book and are rendered in perspective. Particular attention is given in descriptions of buildings to the scheme of interior color decoration, and in all the designs economy of cost has been carefully considered, for æsthetic as well as practical reasons. An Introductory Review of architecture in general, with a number of cuts of desirable and objectionable buildings, is prefixed to the main body of this valuable work.

I hear that Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, the literary adviser of D. Lothrop Co. wrote his prize story, which has lately been accepted by the *Detroit Free Press*, to justify his assertion that the Bible is one of the best fields for the writer of romance to delve in. He had previously illustrated this view in his 'Story of Miriam of Magdala' in *The Independent*, but his new story 'A Son of Issachar,' which is really a romance of the son of the widow of Nain, and the daughter of Jairus, does so much more fully, as it is a long one with thirty-two chapters, a poem, and an epilogue.

Dr. Francis H. Underwood, ex-U. S. Consul to Glasgow, the biographer of Longfellow and Whittier, sails for Europe next Saturday to fulfil business engagements in Glasgow which will keep him there through the winter. He has in view considerable literary work, prominent among which is the reconstruction and enlargement of his valuable Handbooks of English and American Literature.

BOSTON, October 7, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

"The Golden Widow"

NOW THAT Daly's Theatre is beyond all question of rivalry the first comedy theatre in the city, or, for that matter, in the country, the production there of a new comedy on the first night of a new season is a matter of considerable artistic and social interest, and on such an occasion the house is never large enough to hold one half of the persons who wish to be present. There was no exception to this rule the other evening when the doors were thrown open for the first performance of 'The Golden Widow.' Long before the curtain rose every seat in the building was occupied by a representative audience, eager to welcome old favorites, and predetermined to be pleased with whatever might be set before them. Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, Ada Rehan and John Drew were greeted with storms of applause; Mr. Daly was called before the curtain to bow his acknowledgments, and there was a general exhibition of good-natured enthusiasm.

But the new piece can scarcely be called a success according to the Daly standard, although it is bright in parts, contains some amusing situations, and provoked a considerable amount of laughter. It is an adaptation, or rather a dilution of Sardou's 'La Marquise,' an unsavory comedy, whose audacity caused expostulation even in Paris. But Sardou, if indelicate, was at least logical, whereas Mr. Daly in the process of disinfection was unable to avail himself of the only motive which could make the conduct of the heroine intelligible. In this dilemma he resolved apparently to turn the whole thing into farce, which was the best course, probably, to adopt, if it was worth while to meddle with it at all. The Golden Widow, Mrs. Magillicuddy, is a young American woman, very bright, indisputably vulgar, illimitably rich and, of course, lovely, who has purchased a magnificent estate in Normandy, only to find herself and her money despised by the poor but noble families of the neighborhood. Enraged by the daily slights put upon her, she makes up her mind, although she is in love with a young New York artist, to get a title by matrimony, her idea being to marry some elderly, broken-down pauper for the sake of his name, and pay him a pension for remaining apart from her. She broaches this scheme to an insurance agent who promptly declares himself a Marquis, as he proves to be, and expresses the utmost willingness to subscribe to any agreement which she may propose for a consideration. Without any hesitation she weds with this elderly reprobate, who immediately after the ceremony repudiates all his pledges and announces his intention of living permanently in the home of which she has made him the master. She invokes the law, only to discover that all the rights are on his side; and is on the verge of despair when the first and only legitimate wife of the Marquis turns up in the shape of a fashionable dressmaker. All difficulties then are solved. The ex-agent is promptly put out of doors and the Golden Widow is left free to marry her artist, who appears to think none the worse of her for her extraordinary proceedings.

It is plain enough that a story of this kind cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called comedy. At the very outset the piece promises well, the opening scenes being capitably written, and the heroine appearing as an uncultured but thoroughly shrewd, frank and warmhearted girl. The proposition that a young woman of this kind, in love and beloved, could expose herself to the shame and misery of the described alliance, is utterly untenable, and Mr. Daly has demonstrated his perception of this fact by introducing a number of incidents which are frankly farcical, and sometimes not very far removed from burlesque. The two last acts are distinctly inferior to the first, although they may have created more merriment. The best part in the play is that of the decayed Marquis, which was played with admirable skill by James Lewis, whose 'make-up' was a marvel. Dress, attitude, gestures, were all capital; it was only when he opened his mouth that his identity was betrayed. His shabby gentility, sharp cunning, and cynical effrontery, when disguise was no longer necessary, were perfectly true to the character. His disgust when confronted by the apparition of his wife was extremely comical, and it is needless to add that he was well supported when the fact is mentioned that the deserted wife was Mrs. Gilbert. Miss Ada Rehan evidently was not in close sympathy with the character of the heroine, with all its contradictions and absurdities, but she attacked it with her usual resolution and spirit. In the first act, in denouncing the airs of her supercilious neighbors, she was in her element, but in the later acts she seemed to labor, although there were flashes of her accustomed spirit in her vigorous assaults upon the rascal who had betrayed her. Mr. Drew, as the artist, had nothing to do, but did it very well. Mr. Leclercq too, had a very small part in which his abilities were completely thrown away. Other characters it is unnecessary to specify.

As has been said, there was plenty of applause, but the play was clearly rather a disappointment, nevertheless. The fact is that Mr.

Daly set himself an almost hopeless task. With all his care and dexterity he has not succeeded in ridding the story of all its indelicate suggestiveness, while he has destroyed its dramatic consistency. Fortunately 'The Golden Widow' is not the mainstay of his programme and can easily be spared. After her there is the promise of a new comedy from the German, of plays by Justin McCarthy and Pinero, and of a revival of 'As You Like It,' so that there is a practical certainty of an interesting and prosperous season.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal

IT IS PROBABLE that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the distinguished English comedians who are now acting at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, would have won even greater success than they undoubtedly achieved on their first appearance before a New York audience, had they begun their engagement with some other play than 'A Scrap of Paper,' which has always been counted among the most finished and brilliant performances of the old Wallack company, and therefore exposed them to peculiarly trying comparisons. Prosper Courmont was a character in which Lester Wallack, particularly in his later days, was seen to special advantage. The personal characteristics of the actor, which in some parts were wont to obtrude themselves somewhat too plainly, harmonized admirably with the conception of this brilliant, cynical, self-possessed man of the world, while his complete mastery of all the technicalities of his art enabled him to add to the study a thousand significant touches, which made it one of the most striking and life-like of his impersonations. With the coolness and stolidity of the Anglo-Saxon, he blended a dash of French vivacity and spirit.

There is no trace of this finer Gallic quality in the Courmont, or Colonel Blake as he is called in the London play, of Mr. Kendal. He is an Englishman from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, tall and stout in form, with the air of a man who owns his acres, and breaks through all difficulties by the sheer force of momentum and good humor. Everything about him is suggestive of straightforward simplicity rather than finesse, and no one would suppose him to be a cosmopolitan, if he did not insist upon the fact himself. He has humor and courage, can be both tender and passionate, and has the manner of a gentleman, but there is little subtlety in his wit, and although he maintains a bold front he does not succeed in impressing the spectator with the idea that he is a match for the brilliant and dashing Susan. He is a gallant figure, however, although he lacks the stately courage and formal courtesy which his predecessor knew so well how to employ. It was the lack of this high comedy finish which detracted from the full effect of his diplomatic exchanges with Susan in the second act, but the frank naturalness of his manner compensated in some respects for this deficiency, and the scene evoked loud applause as usual. So far as the mechanism of his art is concerned, Mr. Kendal proved himself an actor of very thorough training. His style is exceedingly easy and graceful, and possesses that quality of repose which is only secured by long and arduous work. His chief fault appears to be a tendency to use expedients which belong rather to farce than to comedy, as exemplified in his scene with the boy Archie, where his exaggerated and rather boisterous action, although it cannot be said to have been entirely inappropriate, was certainly less artistic and far less effective than the amused gravity with which Wallack used to treat the episode.

Mrs. Kendal is not only a good actress but a charming woman. It is not easy to believe in looking at her upon the stage that she has been playing leading characters in London for more than twenty years. She was leading lady at the Haymarket Theatre in the palmy days of Buckstone, Sothorn, Compton, Howe, Chippendale and others of that admirable company, and she could scarcely have found a better school in which to mould her style. She is not a great actress, but she is a thoroughly accomplished one, and if she does not thrill by any sudden flashes of inspiration, she maintains the interest at a high pitch by her unflinching skill, her genuine womanliness, and her constant earnestness. Her Susanne, or Susan as the part is spelled in the English version, is not quite up to the level of Rose Coghlan's work in the same part in respect of brilliancy, but it is more sympathetic. Miss Coghlan, it will be remembered, reached a very high plane of hysterical emotion in the scene where she imperils her own reputation to save the foolish wife from the effects of her husband's jealous and not altogether inexcusable anger. Mrs. Kendal's interpretation of this particular episode was certainly less brilliant than Miss Coghlan's, but it was, to say the least, quite as natural. In Miss Coghlan's work there was more of the actress, in Mrs. Kendal's there is more of the woman. The latter actress conveys the impression of a softer and more genuine nature. Her tenderness for the anxious wife, even in the crisis of the difficulty in which she herself has become involved, is an admirable and discriminating touch, and the manner

in which she contrives to suggest her full appreciation of the humor of the situation, even in the moment of her greatest peril, is exceedingly clever, and completely in consonance with the character. Her whole performance indeed was full of evidence of thought and care, and there can be no doubt that she is a conscientious as well as an accomplished artist. There will be much curiosity to see her in a new character.

The supporting company is not brilliant but is, so far as can be judged from a single performance, entirely competent. Mr. Dodson gives an elaborate and extremely clever sketch of the old naturalist, introducing a study of inebriation which, in its way, is a marvel of truth. Mr. Wenman, too, who will be remembered as a prominent member of Mr. Irving's company, is an admirable representative of the taciturn and jealous husband. Miss Vanbrugh, as the foolish wife, gives an impersonation which wants color, but is uncommonly refined. The minor characters do not need specification. The performance, as a whole, seemed to give great satisfaction to a large and brilliant audience, and the Kendals may congratulate themselves upon a very propitious first appearance.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE contributions for the week following Oct. 1, which brought the fund up to \$53,398.56, were as follows:

\$100:—Isaac Bell.

\$60.50:—Treasurer Wm. R. Stewart, balance on hand after closing account of temporary arch.

\$50:—E. D. Morgan.

\$25 each:—Edward C. Boardman; Dr. Daniel M. Stimson; Burrill, Zabriskie & Burrill; George G. De Witt, Jr.; Brander Matthews.

\$20:—Judge John R. Brady.

\$15:—Fifteen readers of *The Commercial Advertiser*, \$1 each.

\$10:—Mrs. John R. Brady.

\$5 each:—Max Altmayer; J. G. Cannon; R. M. Walters; Louis N. Fulton; Alfred Ely; John G. Agar; Edmund L. Baylies.

\$3:—George H. Baker. \$2 each:—Prof. Wm. H. Carpenter; Clinton Palmer. \$1:—H. de F. Baldwin. 60 cents:—Second Avenue, through *The Commercial Advertiser*.

Notes

HARPER & BROS. will publish this month a novel by George Parsons Lathrop, entitled 'Would You Kill Him?' In the early chapters there is an episode of speculation in 'wheat futures,' carefully studied in detail from actual conditions in New York and Chicago; and this element of business life is not only represented minutely, as any other phase would be, but is also exhibited in its relation to the other elements of life that enter into the story, and in its effect upon character. Further on, a race between 'ocean greyhounds' plays its part in the story. In the last portion, the question of capital punishment is involved, and, without being didactically handled, is presented in its ethical and practical bearings, as belonging to the narrative and as it may naturally be considered by any observer of American life. The scene is almost entirely in New York, or New York State.

—The \$3000 offered as prizes for the best three serial stories submitted to the *Detroit Free Press* are to be divided as follows among the successful competitors:—\$1600 to Major Joseph Kirkland, author of 'Zury,' for 'The Captain of Company K'; \$900 to Mrs. Elia W. Peattie for 'The Judge'; and \$500 to Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks of Boston for 'A Son of Issachar' (of which our readers will find something more in this week's Boston Letter).

—Ex-Mayor Seth Low of Brooklyn has been elected President of Columbia College, and it is understood will accept the position. There is no division of opinion as to his capacity and fitness to succeed the late Dr. Barnard.

—An educational institution of high aims and large resources has just been added to the number already engaged in their beneficent work on American soil: Clark University was opened at Worcester, Mass., on Wednesday, Oct. 2. Some 1500 persons were crowded together in the hall, the platform being occupied by the Trustees (Jonas G. Clark, the founder of the University; George F. Hoar, Stephen Salisbury, Charles Devens, John D. Washburn, Frank P. Goulding, and George Swann), the Faculty, docents, and scholars, and prominent citizens. Gen. Devens presided and made a brief address. The Rev. Calvin Stebbins offered prayer; and Col. John Washburn, United States Minister to Switzerland, being then introduced, read a statement prepared by Mr. Clark. President G. Stan-

ley Hall followed with a long inaugural address, after which Senator Hoar made a speech in which he paid a glowing tribute to the founder of the University. Col. Washburn, in his address, which followed, said it was worth coming 4000 miles to be present at this dedication. He brought with him the sympathy and good-will of some of the highest schools of learning in the Old World for the new institution. The Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale of Boston, the last speaker, said that he had attended a good many college commencements, but had never before been present at the commencement of a university. The exercises closed with the benediction, pronounced by the Rev. Daniel Merriman.

—Dr. Emily Kempin, a graduate of the University of Zurich, is to start a law-school for women in this city, and will begin it at once with fourteen pupils. Dr. Kempin is endorsed by well-known professors of the law in her own country and in Germany; and the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, Wm. Allen Butler, Everett P. Wheeler, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi and other well-known New Yorkers encourage her undertaking.

—Thomas W. Knox is engaged, upon a temperance serial, publication of which will be commenced in the *Toledo Blade* in December. Col. Knox has been making, for several years, a study of the drink question in all its phases, and will embody the results of his researches in the forthcoming story.

—Maurice Thompson has joined the editorial staff of *The Independent*. The editor says: 'He is to review current novels, poetry and *belles-lettres*. We do not need to say more. We know that his verdict on this novel and that book of poems will be eagerly looked for and will be accepted by thousands as determining the value and character of the book. Mr. Thompson will continue his articles under his own name in the contribution pages and will write poems for *The Independent* from time to time.'

—While Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was driving to the station at East Grinstead, East Sussex, England, last Sunday, her pony shied and dashed up a bank. She was hurled out of the cart, fell upon her head, and was picked up unconscious.

—'The Law of Husband and Wife,' by Leila J. Robinson of the Suffolk (Mass.) Bar, is in the press of Lee & Shepard.

—'The Book: Its Printers, Illustrators, and Binders, from Gutenberg to the Present Time,' is the title of one of Scribner & Welford's most attractive announcements. Henri Boudrot, of the National Library, Paris, is the author of the volume, which will contain a treatise on the art of collecting and describing early printed books, and a Latin-English and English-Latin topographical index of the earliest printing-places, edited by H. Grevel. The book will be illustrated by one hundred and seventy-two fac-similes of early typography, printers' marks, bindings, borders, initials, etc.

—Scribner & Welford will publish at once, in two volumes, John Addington Symonds's 'Memoirs of Count Carlo Gozzi, Italian Dramatist (1722-1806),' announced in these columns some time since; also a new edition of Mr. Symonds's translation, in one volume, of the Life of Benvenuto Cellini. Their announcements further include a new edition of the Illustrated Library of the Great Artists, which will include Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Diaz, Daubigny and others of the modern French, as well as of the modern English school; 'Russian Pictures' in the Pen and Pencil Series; a revised edition of Napier's History of the Peninsular War; 'Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay) and Her Friends,' being select passages from her diary and other writings, edited by L. B. Seeley, with nine illustrations after Reynolds, Gainsborough, Copley, and West; Bullen's 'Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age'; and 'The First of the Bourbons (1595-1610),' by Lady Jackson, author of 'Old Paris.'

—Longmans, Green & Co. will shortly publish Andrew Lang's 'Prince Prigio,' with illustrations by Gordon Browne. The Prince is a great-grandson of the Giglio of Thackeray's 'Rose and the Ring'; and many of the old fairy tricks serve a new purpose in Mr. Lang's story.

—Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson is not one of the authors who furnish matter for the pens of the paragraph writers. Little is known of her personality, but such facts relating to her habits and career as it was possible to obtain, have been got together by Arthur Stedman, the poet's younger son, and are presented by him to the readers of this month's *Book Buyer*. A portrait of the novelist accompanies Mr. Stedman's carefully prepared account of her life and work.

—Six afternoon rehearsals and six evening concerts—the usual number—are announced by the Symphony Society for the coming season—its twelfth. The band, increased to 110 musicians, is still under the direction of Walter Damrosch. The pianist Eugene d'Albert and the American contralto Miss Lena Little are announced

as among the soloists engaged. The season will begin on Nov. 22. Mr. Damrosch will give his customary series of prefatory 'lecture recitals' at the Berkeley Lyceum, for the benefit of persons intending to attend the concerts. He announces, also, that at the performances of the Oratorio Society (three afternoon and three evening) Liszt's 'Christus,' Handel's 'Messiah,' and Grell's 'Missa Sollemnis' will be given.

—Mr. George Bancroft celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday at Newport on the 3d inst. Having revised the proof-sheets of his biography of Martin Van Buren, he will devote himself more exclusively to the Life of President Polk, which he hopes to complete this winter. He has already written 200 pages of manuscript. Mr. Bancroft has just returned to Washington, his winter home.

—Messrs. Harper will publish at once the 'Constitutional History of the United States,' by George Ticknor Curtis—a carefully revised edition of the author's standard work, originally published thirty years ago.

—There is talk of starting a new literary enterprise on the principles of the undertaking outlined in Mr. Howells's 'A Hazard of New Fortunes,' now running in *Harper's Weekly*. Thomas A. Janvier has written for the *Weekly* to be published Oct. 16 an account of 'Silver Mining at Zacatecas,' a town 'tucked away in certain folds and creases' of mountains forty or fifty miles west of the Sierra Madre, in the great central plain of Mexico.

—Prof. Masson's new edition of De Quincey's Works will contain fourteen volumes; the first of which will be issued at the end of this month. This edition will contain several admirable papers long overlooked. The volumes will be illustrated with portraits, etc.

—Nims & Knight of Troy publish, simultaneously with the London edition of Trubner & Co., a work entitled 'Aryan Sun-Myths the Origin of Religions.'

—'The Elixir of Life'—a name which Dr. Brown-Sequard repudiates—is the title of a little book containing the Doctor's own account of his discovery, together with reports of experiments, and the comments of the medical profession.

—T. W. H. calls our attention to a slip last week which gave the name of 'Salem,' instead of Samuel, to that Mr. Scudder 'who is one of the most eminent of living entomologists, and is recognized both here and in Europe as the highest authority on fossil insects.' And 'R. R. W.' lets in light upon a somewhat similar slip in our London Letter a fortnight since, whereby 'Louis XIV.' was referred to as one of the characters in 'Quentin Durward.' That Mrs. Walford had Louis XI. in mind when she wrote was clearly shown by her characterization of the monarch in question.

—David Christie Murray's new story, to be published by the Tillotson Syndicate in January, is entitled 'Scot Free.' Mr. Murray is now lecturing in Australia. Thomas Hardy, who is under contract to write a novel for the same syndicate, is prevented by illness from completing his book in time for New Year's publication, as intended.

—The new French books advertised on page III. of THE CRITIC of Sept. 14 are issued by William R. Jenkins, 851 Sixth Avenue, New York. The advertisement was printed in the first 1000 copies without the publisher's name and address.

—Among other bits of London literary news are the following: A new volume of essays by Professor Huxley and a book by Professor Sidgwick, entitled 'Elements of Politics,' are on the press of Macmillan & Co. The Marquis of Lorne has written a biography of Palmerston which Sampson Low & Co. will publish. Mr. Froude is preparing a biography of Beaconsfield. An edition of Tom Robertson's dramatic works is announced; it will be accompanied by six photogravure portraits, and a memoir by his son. Mr. Swinburne's next book is to be a collection of essays on Ben Jonson.

—Dr. St. George Mivart has put the finishing touches to 'The Origin of the Human Intellect: Being an Examination of Recent Hypotheses concerning It.'

—'The New Pilgrimage,' the most considerable volume of poetry yet put forth by Wilfrid Blunt, will be prefaced by an essay on the art of sonnet-writing. Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt leave Crabbet this month for Paris, Rome, and Egypt—a newer pilgrimage than the one that gives its title to the principal poem in the forthcoming book.

—Herr Arthur Nikisch not only succeeds Mr. Gericke as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but has made his home in the house on Beacon Hill left vacant by his predecessor.

—Lascadio Hearn of New Orleans, the author of 'Chita,' was born in 1850, in Santa Maura, one of the Ionian Islands. His mother was a Greek; his father a surgeon in the British Army. Mr. Hearn long since made the United States his home.

—Austin Dobson's selections from Matthew Prior will be prefaced by an article on the poet in question which he contributed last November to *The New Princeton Review*. This has been minutely revised, and extended by the addition of some newly discovered facts respecting Prior's youthful days. The book will be annotated, and will contain a portrait from a painting not hitherto engraved.

—Howard Pyle will contribute to *Harper's Young People* to be published on Oct. 15 a fairy-tale, entitled 'Ill-luck and the Fiddler,' illustrated with seven of his own drawings.

—The late Mr. S. L. M. Barlow's library, which is being catalogued by J. O. Wright with a view to its approaching sale, contains two copies of Columbus's letter (Rome, 1493) announcing the discovery of the New World; Vespucci's 'Mundus Novus,' published between 1502 and 1508; Ruysch's map of America, Rome, 1509; the 'tallest' copy of Capt. John Smith's History of Virginia; Brererton's 'Brief and True Relation'; Mourt's 'Relation or Journal'; and other works relating to the early history of America only inferior to these in scarcity and value. Mr. Barlow owned Washington's first designs for Mt. Vernon, drawn by the General's own hand.

—The annual meeting of the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Thursday of last week. There were present the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, Chairman; Bishop H. B. Whipple of Minnesota, ex-President R. B. Hayes of Ohio, the Hon. Hamilton Fish of New York, Anthony J. Drexel, of Pennsylvania, the Hon. Samuel A. Green of Massachusetts, the Hon. James D. Porter of Tennessee, J. Pierpont Morgan of New York, ex-President Grover Cleveland of New York, the Hon. Wm. A. Courtenay of South Carolina, Judge Charles Devens of Massachusetts, the Hon. Randall L. Gibson of Louisiana, Chief Justice M. W. Fuller of Washington, and General Agent J. L. M. Curry of Richmond, Va. The proceedings were opened with prayer by Bishop Whipple, after which Chairman Winthrop delivered the annual address. Agent Curry reported that the South had taken from its earnings since the war \$122,000,000, and devoted it to schools. The Peabody Fund has been an adviser, guide, and auxiliary in accomplishing this grand result. Its contributions since Oct. 1, 1888, have been as follows: Alabama, \$8,375; Arkansas, \$4,060; Georgia, \$4,553; Louisiana, \$5,725; North Carolina, \$6,335; South Carolina, \$9,932; Tennessee, \$15,718; Texas, \$3,800; Virginia, \$6,750; West Virginia, \$4,385. Total, \$69,633.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- Adams, W. H. D. Witch, Warlock and Magician. J. W. Bouton.
 Alcott, Louisa May. Life, Letters and Journals. Ed. by E. D. Cheney. \$1.50.
 Alcott, Louisa May. Lulu's Library. \$1. Boston: Roberts Bros.
 Ayres, Anne. Life and Work of Dr. Muhlenberg. \$2. Thomas Whittaker.
 Ballou, M. M. The New Eldorado. \$1.50 Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Barr, Amelia E. Feet of Clay. \$1.25 Boston: Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Bilgram, Hugo. Involuntary Idleness. \$1. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Brinton, D. C., and Stone, F. D. A Lenape-English Dictionary.
 Burns Selected Poems. Ed. by J. L. Robertson. \$1.60. Macmillan & Co.
 Burt, M. E. Literary Landmarks. 75c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Carotte, Madam. Recollections of the Court of the Tuilleries. Tr. by E. P. Train. 50c. D. Appleton & Co.
 Catherwood, M. H. The Romance of Dollard. \$1.25. Century Co.
 Clark, F. C. Topical Studies in General History. D. Appleton & Co.
 Coolidge, Susan. A Few More Verses. \$1. Ann Arbor, Mich.: F. C. Clark.
 Coolidge, Susan. Just Sixteen. \$1.25 Boston: Roberts Bros.
 Cone, Ada. Perspective. \$1. W. T. Comstock.
 Dumas, Alexandre. Marguerite De Valois. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
 Dunning, Charlotte. A Step Aside. 50c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Eaton, A. W. Arcadian Legends and Lyrics. \$1. White & Allen.
 Eckstein, Ernst. Nero. 2 vols. Tr. by Clara Bell and Mary J. Safford. \$1.50.
 Edwards, H. S. Two Runaways, and Other Stories. \$1.50. W. S. Gottsberger.
 Ferris, G. T. Great Leaders. \$1.75. Century Co.
 Garrison, William Lloyd. Life of. By his Children. Vols 3 and 4. \$3 each.
 Gilman, J. B. The Kingdom of Coins. 60c. Boston: Roberts Bros.
 Grandma's Rhymes and Chimes for Children. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.
 Harris, Joel Chandler. Daddy Jake. \$1.50 Century Co.
 Harvard Reference Book. Cambridge: C. W. Sever.
 Helprin, Angelo. The Bermuda Islands. \$3.50. Acad. of Natural Sciences.
 Hints to a Silent Friend upon Writing Letters. 30c. Buffalo: Peter Paul & Bro.
 James, Lewis G. Evolution of Morals. 10c. Boston: New Ideal Pub. Co.
 Jewett, Rev. E. H. Diabolology. \$1.50. Thomas Whittaker.
 Lang, Andrew. Blue Fairy Book. \$2. Longmans, Green & Co.
 McKenna, Stanley. A False Conception. 50c. Minerva Pub. Co.
 Murdock, Harold. The Reconstruction of Europe. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Newcomb, Geo. B. Teaching School Children to Think. D. Appleton & Co.
 Parrshall, N. C. Proofs of Evolution. 10c. Boston: New Ideal Pub. Co.
 Porter, Rose. Driftings from Mid-Ocean. \$1.25. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
 Priest and Puritan. 50c. Brentano's.
 Sand, George. Consuelo. 4 vols. \$6. Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Townsend, M. A. Easter Sunrise. New Orleans: W. E. Seabold.
 Travel, Adventure and Sport. From Blackwood. 40c. White & Allen.
 World Almanac for 1889. 25c. The World Pub. Co.